THE
aithful Lovers of the Weſt.

Come joyn with me all you that Love,
And faithful to each other prove:
Example take by this my Song,
All you that ſtand within this Throng.

To the Tune of, *As I walkt forth to take the Air.* By *William Blundun.*

or My dearest dear as I must part.

Why ſhould I thus complain of thee?
So cruelly thou murderedſt me:
For unto thee it is well known,
Thou art the Maid I love alone.

In none but thee I take Delight,
I think on thee both day and night:
I give to thee my heart away,
Do not with hatred me repay.

When firſt thy ſweet face I did ſee,
I ſeemed none was like to thee:
I wiſh I had not ſeen the day,
When firſt thou ſtol'ſt my heart away.

Hard is thy heart, harder then ſteel,
Colder then Ice, that Froſt congeal:
How many thouſand times doth make,
My heart to bleed for thy ſweet ſake.

I was forewarned by thine eyes,
Of thy moſt killing Cruelties:
But Cupid had ſo blinded me,
Now I ſhall dye for love of thee.

But O how good had been my caſe,
That I had never ſeen thy face:
My Captive heart had then been free,
But now I can love none but thee.

When I am dead, this thou wilt ſay,
That I have caſt my Love away:
Too late 'twill be then to complain,
If that you do, it's all in vain.

Therefore my deareſt Love comply,
And eaſe me of this Cruelty:
Let not me dye in this diſpair,
But grant thy love to me, my Dear.

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The ſecond part, to the ſame Tune.

The Maids Anſwer.

DOubt not my Love, nor do not fear
Thou art the man that I love dear
I did but try thy Conſtancy,
For I do love no man but thee.

Then grieve no more, nor yet complain,
Thy love to me is not in vain:
For conſtant I will ever be,
And I do love no man but thee.

Why ſhouldſt thou ſay thy *heart* will break
And all for love of my ſweet ſake?
I conſtant to thee ſtill will prove,
As ever was the Turtle-Dove.

Nothing ſhall part my Love and I,
Until the very day we dye:
We'l live in love, and ſo agree,
As man and wife they ought to be.

The Young-Mans Anſwer.

Oh thanks be to the Heaven above,
Now I have gain'd my deareſt love:
Thy words doth me ſo much revive,
I am the happieſt man alive.

Come let us to the Church away,
And Married be without delay:
Although our Portions be but ſmall,
True love is better worth then all.

So hand in hand away they went,
And had their Parents free conſent:
The muſick then moſt ſweet did play,
And thus did end their wedding day.

Young-men and Maids in love agree,
And let this Song a pattern be:
The price you know it is but ſmall,
A Penny a piece, and take them all.

FINIS.

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